

GODWIN. AS A LOVER.

A GREEN BOY AND AN ARTFUL
WIFE.

The Mother of Tom Dalton Tells the Story of How
Her Son Was Lured Away—An Interesting
Epistle—The Sensation in Memphis—
The Presence of the Ladies.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., February 6.—[Special].—The interest in the Dalton case, which has been on trial for the past week, and which will come to a conclusion tomorrow, remain unabated. J. T. Dalton was killed by Mr. Polk for intimacy with his wife, and the present case is against Polk for the crime of murder.

introduction of the lady witnesses. It was known as "Ladies' day." The attorney-general wrote subpoenas by the half dozen, bearing the names of well known ladies of this city, which were given to deputy sheriffs with

known that the state would introduce in rebuttal a number of letters alleged to have been written by Mrs. Polk to Dalton, and the expectation of the crowd was raised to a high pitch by the prospect of this new dish of scandal.

mourning, and his face gave evidence of deep sorrow. She testified as follows: "I lived on Elliott street in 1885, next door to Mr. J. R. Godwin. We moved there in April, 1883. J. T. Dalton would have been twenty-five years old on the 6th of next May. He was my only son. He was a shoe clerk, but before that he was a cash boy at Leubrie's, and at Menkin's. He was a little over twenty-one years old when he first met Mrs. Polk. She was married to a man who died, and she has a son. I have heard that Mrs. Polk and Mr. Dalton were talking to each other at the window of his room, and she at the window of the room in Mr. Godwin's house across the alley. They frequently talked there

about the 1st of July. The Misses Dunnivant spent a week there during

from his sickness, Mrs. Polk would come over and talk, and frequently invited him over to see her. We saw they were becoming entirely too intimate. I therefore wrote her a note begging her to stop it, if not for her own sake, at least for her mother's, and also told her that if I didn't stop it I would tell Mr. Polk. Mrs. Polk gave me my note and she came and there it lay in my presence. I never heard Mrs. Polk's whistle to my son and call over "Tom, let's go riding." There she threw over a package of cravats; he went out, and soon afterward she went out, heavily veiled. I have

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years on him she could tell his mother and his aunt had been deceiving him, and she would be a witness to it. Before my son knew Mrs. Polk he was a hard-working boy and provided for his family. Mrs. Polk nearly always spoke of her husband as 'Rowdy.' I had a conversation with Mr. Edwin, at his house, on Elliott street, about allowing my son to return here."

Mrs. Dalton's testimony was very lengthy. Among other things, she said she found several letters in Tom's valise which she took pos-

tered the letters in evidence. Quite a discussion followed, the defense claiming the letters were forgeries, and it was finally decided that an expert should examine the letters, with one acknowledged to have been written by Mrs. Peik to Mrs. Tyrus, and if they corresponded, Judge DuBoise said he would admit them.

E. A. Cole, formerly clerk and master of the Bancory bank, and C. W. Schutte, cashier of the First national bank, were called as experts, and both expressed themselves in the belief that the letters were genuine.

the same handwriting. They were then read. The following is a fair sample of the others: MEMPHIS, July 1, 1886—My Own Darling Boy, I have just received your letter and I am so glad, and as I am in Menken's, could not resist writing my darling, as I had gotten the pictures, I wanted to send you one. The expression is just like I look all the time and I am a way, I love you so much and I hope you will not forget your letter. Darling, don't think either of us realized how necessary we were to each other's happiness until we separated. It seems like a long time since we were together and I want to try and make you happy, that you will not regret what you have given up for me, if I love can

The reading of the letters created quite a sensation in court.

Mrs. Tyrus, the aunt of Tom Dalton, was the first to get up and detail the meetings that Mrs. Polk and Tom had at the Daltons in the summer of 1885. On one occasion she heard Mrs. Polk say to TOMMY: "Wouldn't they give

her eyes to find out how we manage now," and he replied: "I reckon they would." On another occasion she took position in the open doorway and he backed against one and he was against the other, exposing her shape. He was talking to Tommy, and asked him: "Ain't I built from the round up?" Mrs. Tyrus further stated that she heard Mrs. Polk arrange a meeting with Tommy, and forbade him meeting.

Mrs. Tyrus stated, in answer to further questions, that Mrs. Dalton wrote Mrs. Polk a note, telling her that if she didn't stop her be-

That same day Mrs. Polk went a pitcher of milk over to the house, and told Tommy to hurry up and send the pitcher back, or Mrs. Walton would tell Rowdy.²⁷

General Chalmers stated that some of the state's witnesses were not present, and Colonel Harris asked that they be allowed to call them in Monday morning.

General Chalmers—Shall we not have an opportunity to submit anything the other side?

introduce?
The Court—You shall have a chance to butt
anything in sight.

WESTON'S DOUBLE.

Wife Deceived by a Man Representing

It has often been said that somewhere in this world every person has his double. The even-

on is too broad for acceptance, but it is certain that there are doubles and that the close similarity between people has led to many grave complications. It is not ten years ago that a man named Hiram Weston, living in a small town in Ontario, was hired by a firm with

drive a peddler's wagon. He made two trips and started on a third, but after he had been gone two days the outfit was returned by a farmer, who said that it had been left in his barnyard at night. As Weston was missing, search was at once begun, and it was finally

town that he had been seen in company with two strangers at a railway station, where all had taken the train for Buffalo. As the tin smith had lost nothing, he did not care to follow the case up. It was pretty generally known that Weston and

His wife did not live agreeably, and although he insisted that he had met with foul play, and wanted the search continued, it was dropped on the idea that he had run away from her. He was little missed by the community, and when it was called up it was universally

One day, five months after his disappearance, Weston returned. He was first seen at the depot by three or four citizens who had known him before.

Weston grinned and scratched his head. "I was talking with your wife yesterday and she said you had never written a word to her."

The landlord of the hotel saluted him as H. Weston, as did some of the guests, and the fact of his engaging beard was not considered strange, though his wife lived only a mile away. Perhaps he didn't intend to go back to

and he seemed glad to see them. In the presence of the landlord he asked some questions about their mother, which seemed very strange at the time, but were at once forgotten.

HE ASKED HER AGE,

"Yes," he replied, as he rose up to go with the children; "but I've been gone quite a spell, you know."

Mrs. Weston was neither smart nor an educated woman, and had the reputation of having a bitter tongue. Several people followed

and his wife's father, mother and brothers were often at the house to speak his praise. At the end of about six months a very curious thing occurred. Hiram Weston started off one day with his dinner-pail, having been hired to repair a fence for a suburban

"But I have not been nearer home than this for over eleven months!"

He was laughed at. He went straight to his house, and as he entered it his wife asked:

"What's the matter, and

and general appearance that even his wife and children were deceived. For a time Mrs. Weston believed the newcomer to be the other Hiram returned from his work, but he told her a story which opened her eyes. He had gone off with some sharpers, and in return for some (unspecified) in Buffalo he had been sent to the

identified by the prison officials, and there was his description on the books. The detective who arrested him and the judge who sentenced him further identified him.

Who, then, was the other Hiram Weston? Although he left his house with his dinner-

He had a habit of spitting as he talked, his voice was somewhat gruffier; he never stood for two minutes without hitching up his trousers, sailor fashion; he acknowledged some small debts, which the other totally repudiated.

THE CHILDREN HAD NO EXPLANATIONS
to offer, as the true father had never exhibited

She had noticed many changes, but all for the better. The stranger was not a talkative man, while her husband was, but she got over this by thinking he had met with trouble while away. She used sometimes to be startled for a moment as

"Lucy, there is something extremely queer about Hi. He's either got some trouble on his mind or else he's going insane. Didn't you hear him ask when our barn burned, as if both of you were not sleeping in our house that night and he did not discover the blaze first?"

le, too, that the stranger was not related to him, though his double. Why he went away as he did was a further mystery, for he could not have foreseen that anything was going to happen. But for the evidence in black and white people would have believed him a cheat. The writer has no further theories.

from their own lips, and who can imagine they would invent such a story? I have simply suppressed the right name, as Weston is now a resident of another locality and in a place to make gossip an unpleasant thing.

was engaged in removing some obstruction from a part of the machinery his left arm was caught in the wheels and completely severed just below the elbow. The remaining portion was also badly fractured. Medical aid was promptly secured, and he is as well as could be expected under the circumstances.

he Dutch word "boedel," which means property or goods. A "boedelster," he says, is the attorney or other person who finally possesses the "boedel."

